



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

exciting. The volume is made up of the gentle, ladylike talk of a middle-class Englishwoman, rather an invalid, who has a good deal of trouble with her servants. It all served, doubtless, at afternoon tea when she was at home again among her friends, with her husband coming in toward the end of the call to drink his cup of tea on the hearth rug and add his own reminiscences to the tepid flow. But the good pair serve to prove at their own expense that writing should be left strictly to those who have made a profession of it. Any reporter could have made a better job for them. All the reality has dropped out between the sentences here; all that must have been alive and human and pitiful and kindly or simply comic they have left unsaid. "It is not a very pleasant sensation to be lost in a desert. Only once did this experience befall us, and then we were glad when it was over," says Mrs. Hume-Griffith, as if she had been telling about getting caught in a shower at a garden-party or meeting bees a-swarming on the way home from church. The resolution not to talk of the religious side of their lives was grounded, doubtless, on a wholesome distaste of cant, but it is a pity that, if they did feel that all natives are liars, they should have set it down so nonchalantly. Not a few pages, which it were unkind to call peevish, help the reader to understand why Asiatics do not love even the best-intentioned Europeans; and there are other passages, which it were unkind to call unctuous, which help the reader to understand why such Europeans as strongly love the East, or, indeed, any strange lands at all, should be, in their own words, so "down on missionaries."

There are some books, as there are some people, so honest, so earnest, so on the right side about many vital matters, that one really wishes that if they cannot be better they would at least be worse. Of these is this "Simple Account of Japan as it Is, Was and Will [*sic*] Be." The author is very open-minded and admires Japan heartily; is sincere as well as candid, frankly stopping at the confines of present knowledge; and rather pleasant and sensible in disposition. The book* is comely. Light in the hand and illustrated with sixteen reproductions of classical Japanese prints. It is in good taste, as far as the eye can go. But

* "The Empire of the East." By H. B. Montgomery. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. London: Methuen & Co., 1909.

it is written by the younger brother of Browning's friend, "Mr. Gigadibs, the literary man," and written throughout in what is called "*journalese*." If the point of view were only as good as the cover, and if the English were only as irreproachable as the press-work! Everywhere crops up the split infinitive, with the misrelated participle and the interminable clause between an article and its noun. Common words are abused till they do not know themselves. *Effete* is used repeatedly for *obsolete*; *perfunctory* for *superficial*; *jejune* for *naïve*. Everywhere there is a kind of trite shrewdness: among the rival missionaries "the Japanese conclude that as they cannot all be right they may possibly all be wrong"; of the public wash-houses common to the two sexes shocked travellers have felt "better the custom of the lower classes in England never to wash at all." This is all very well; it is fighting the devil with his own weapons. But the author, when it comes to art, is sadly to seek, and seems never to have heard of the great Chinese schools from which came all that is best in Japan; nor of the actual Chinese paintings stolen long ago which are the glory of Japan. The author seems, indeed, to have no real notion of China, except as the source of a coolie supply that may one day take to manufacturing for herself. The very title of the book belongs, of course, to China by rights. And when it comes to profounder matters, these are even worse. After quoting rather a fine bit on the Orient, without naming the source, our journalist goes on: "The fact, if it be a fact, that the Emperor of China never wears a sword, is in one sense interesting, but it proves nothing." But it proves everything! Whoever cannot see the significance of "that worship of feeling which casts around poverty the halo of greatness impresses his stern simplicity of apparel on the Indian prince, and sets up in China a throne whose imperial occupant, alone amongst the great secular rulers of the world, never wears a sword"—should not touch the East. Yet the book is withal too ingenuous for condemnation, and young Mr. Gigadibs, with his little liberalities, is rather engaging than otherwise.